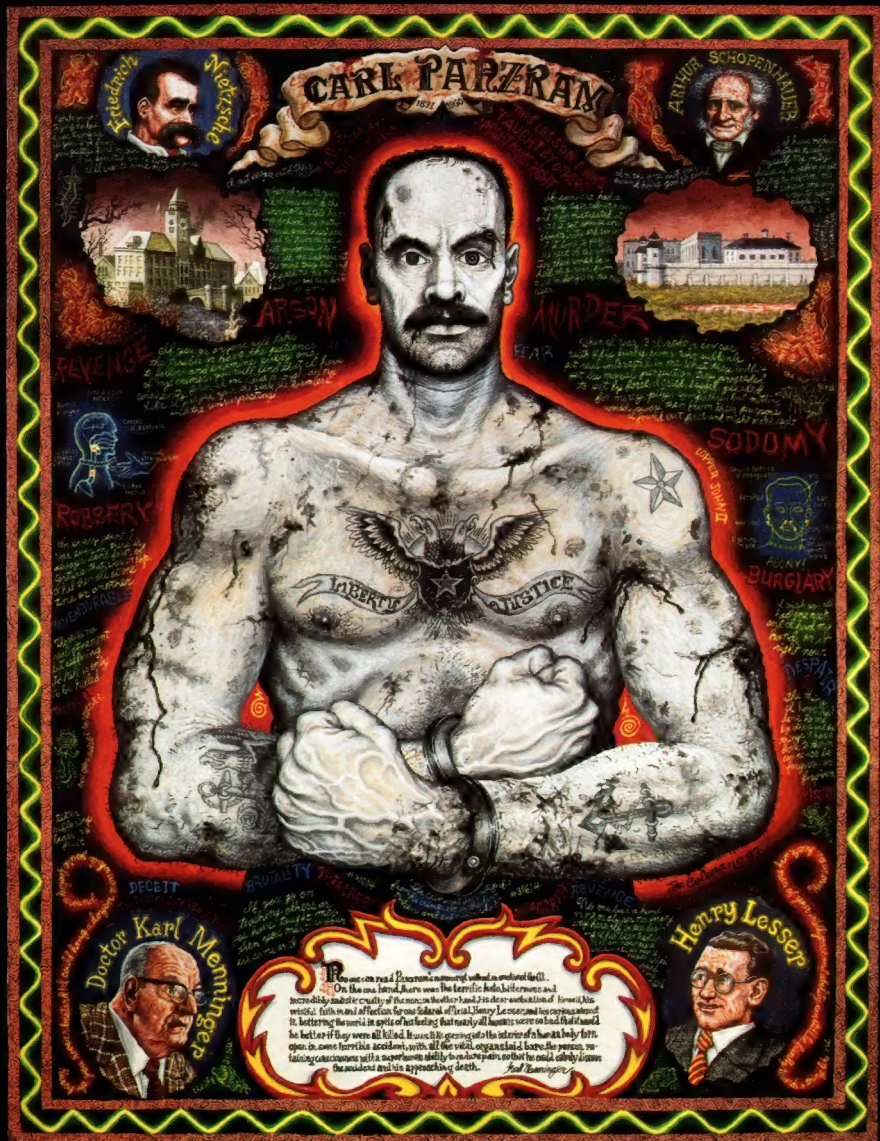
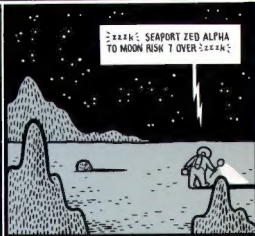
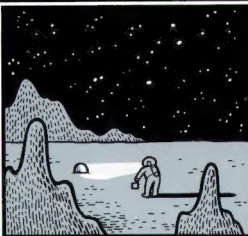


ZERO ZERO

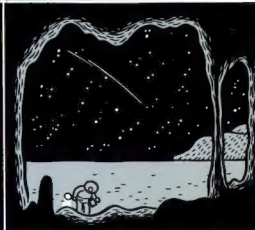
SEPT./OCT. 1995



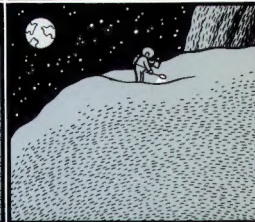
MOON RISK 7



SEAPORT ZED ALPHA
TO MOON RISK T OVER

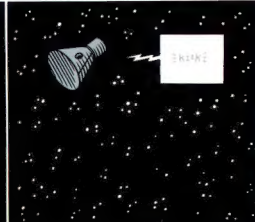


MOON RISK T COPY
WHAT'S UP JIM



THINK I'VE
GOT A NINE ON SEVEN RUN ON
THIS METER, COPY?

BREAKER EIGHT BREAKER EIGHT
WE GOT COPY JIM IS THAT A RED
LIGHT ON THAT JIM



NO SIR BOB I'M ALL
CLEAR
DID YOU GET A
SCORE ON THAT GAME BOY?

WANE



YESSIR JIM
FINAL SCORES SEVEN
CONVICTS THIRTEEN
WHAT A GAME
PASSING TIGHTDOWN

RIGER BOB
THEN IT LOOKS LIKE
IT'S ON TO THE SUPERDOWL
WHEEE DOO!

THAT'S A GREEN LIGHT ALL
THE WAY THAT SHOULD BE
A GREAT GAME

10-4 RIGER BOB!

ZERO ZERO

TABLE OF CONTENTS

2, 16, 26, 31, 42



Kim Deltch
"Quickie Classics"

27



Dave Collier
"Singapore"

3



Max Andersson
"Curse of the Cuddly
Critters Factory"

32



Richard Sala
"The Chuckling
Whatsit"

17



Georgarakis, Kaz
"Meat Box"

43



Mack White
"Homunculus: His Vision"

Quickie CLASSICS



CURSE OF THE CUDDLY CRITTERS FACTORY



**TRACTOR-
GIRL**

AND

**CAR-
BOY**

MAX
ANDERSON
1994

CAR-BOY IS WATCHING THE LOCAL NEWS.

...TWO MORE CHILDREN'S BODIES WERE REPORTED MISSING YESTERDAY. THE CHILDREN'S HEADS, WHICH WERE LEFT BEHIND, ARE IN A STATE OF SHOCK AND UNRESPONSIVE TO QUESTIONING...

CAR-BOY!
TIME FOR
BED!

BUT MOM, THE
"X-SON" SHOW'S
COMIN' ON!

TSK! THAT AWFUL
GAS PUMP ISN'T
SUITABLE VIEWING
FOR A CHILD!

HERE, WHY DON'T YOU PLAY WITH
YOUR NEW CUDDLY CRITTER INSTEAD?

AW
GEEZ.

LATER

IT'S ALL
YOUR FAULT, YOU
CREEP, I OUGHTA
KICK YOUR
BUTT!

WELL, THEN, WHAT
ARE YOU WAITING FOR?
THAT'S WHAT I WAS
MADE FOR.

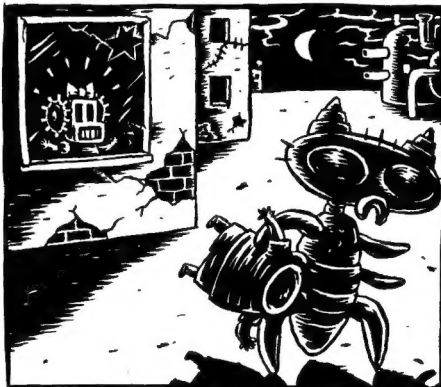
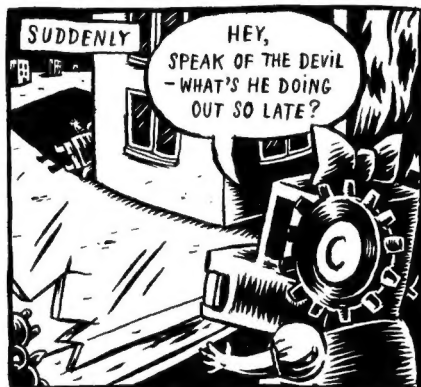
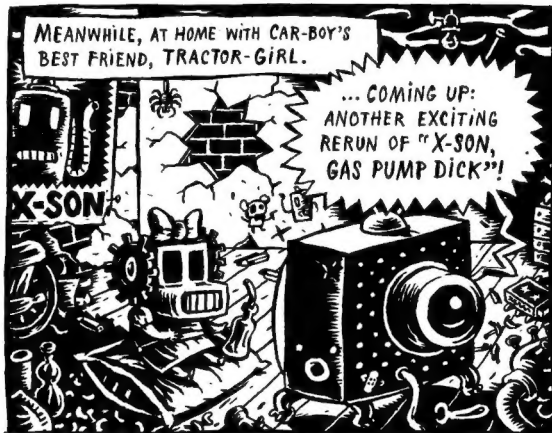
AWRIGHT,
YOU ASKED FOR IT!
EAT HOT STEEL,
SUCKER!

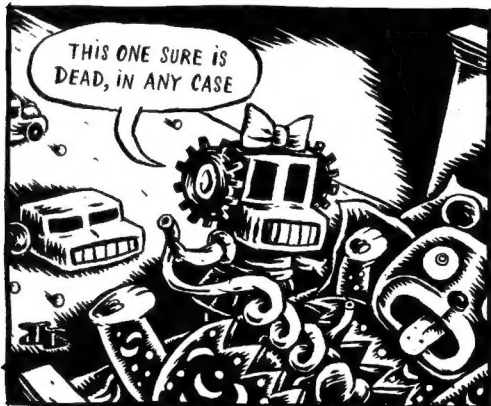
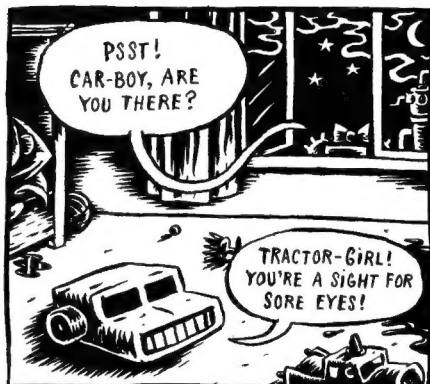
THANKS, PAL.
NOW I'M FREE—
FREE AT LAST!

I JUST
NEED YOUR BODY,
THAT'S ALL.

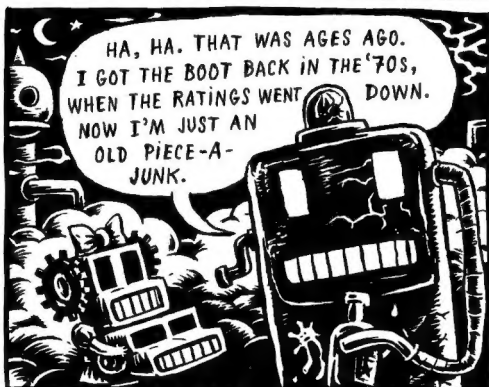
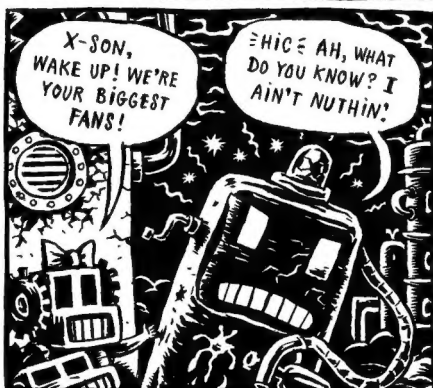
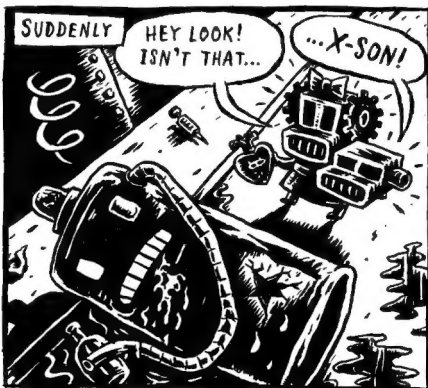
HEY!
WHAT'RE YOU
DOIN'?

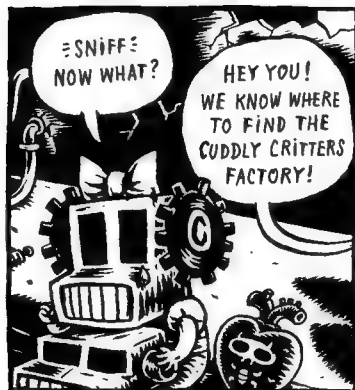
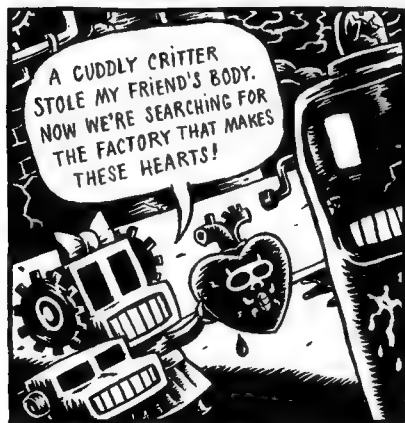
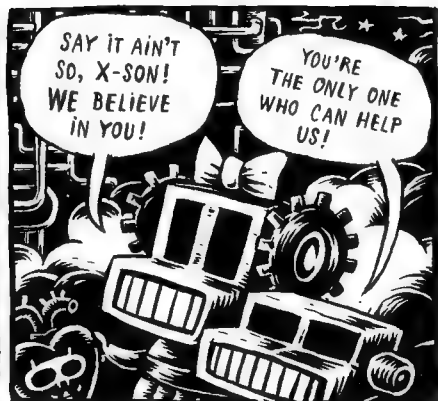
HE
TRICKED
ME!





THE INDUSTRIAL DISTRICT: LAST STOP FOR UNEMPLOYED AND HOMELESS MACHINES.



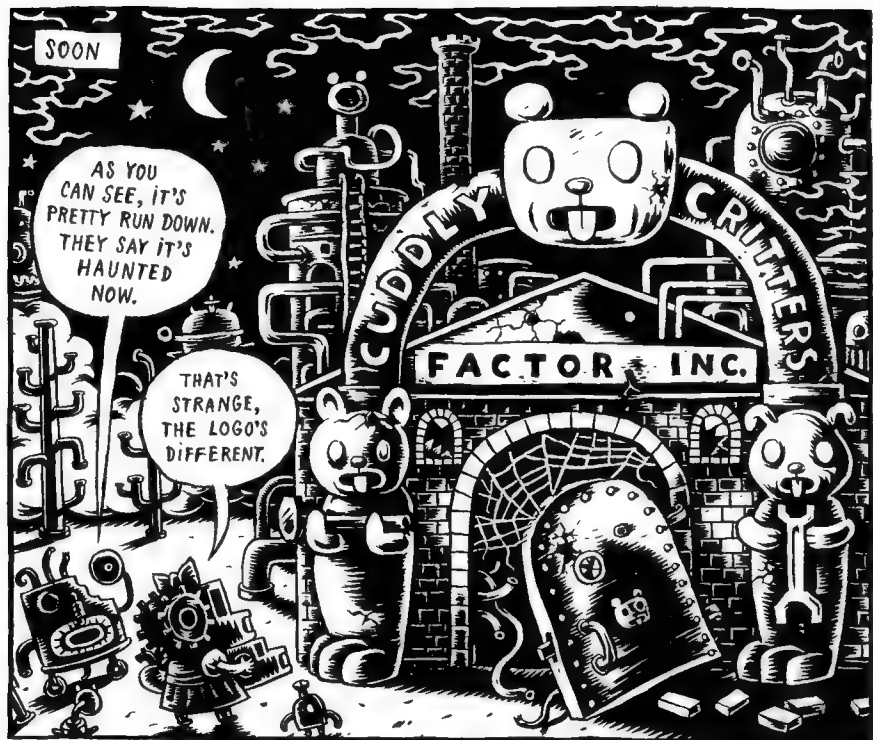


SOON

AS YOU
CAN SEE, IT'S
PRETTY RUN DOWN.
THEY SAY IT'S
HAUNTED
NOW.

THAT'S
STRANGE,
THE LOGO'S
DIFFERENT.

CUDDLY CRITTERS
FACTOR INC.



I DON'T
BELIEVE IN GHOSTS.
C'MON, LET'S CHECK
THIS PLACE OUT.

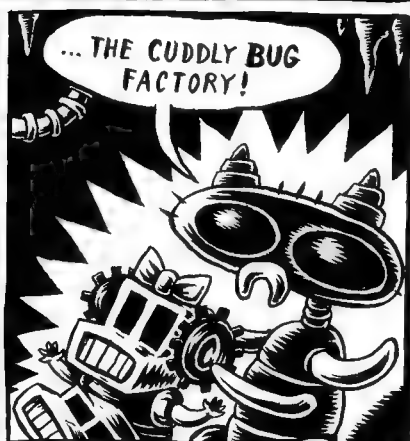
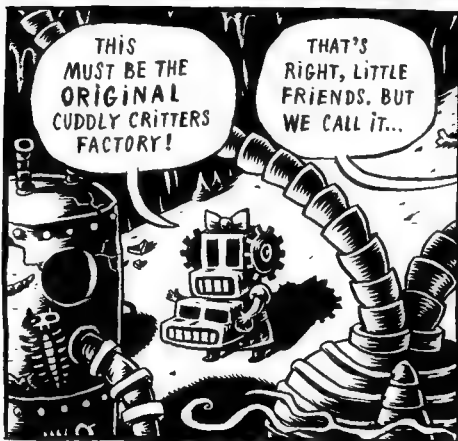
BE CAREFUL,
TRACTOR-GIRL.
THE FLOOR LOOKS
PRETTY ROTTEN!

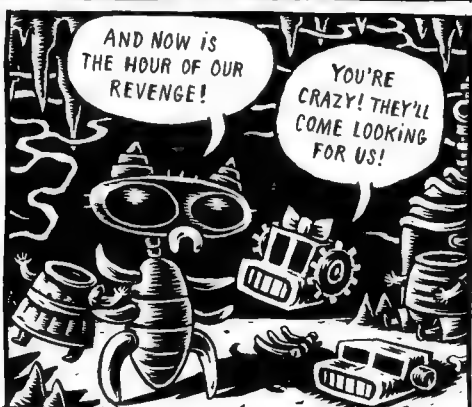
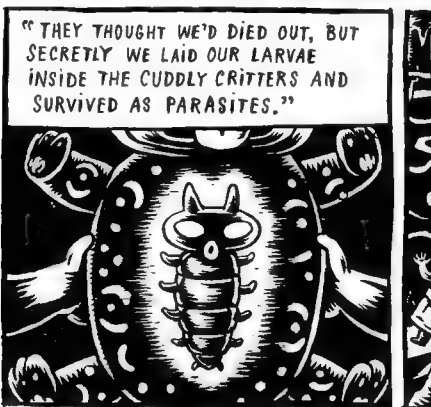
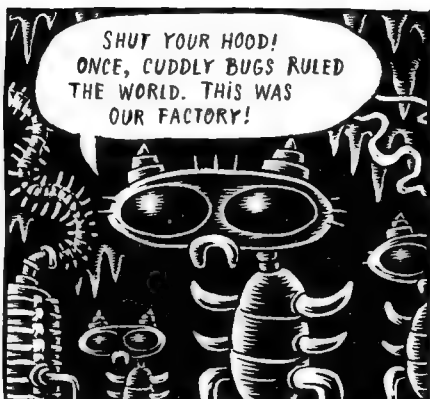



SUDDENLY

YAAAAH











NO THEY WON'T.
OUR PLAN IS SIMPLE
BUT BRILLIANT.



WE WILL HIDE INSIDE THE
CHILDREN'S BODIES, AND THRIVE
ON THEIR PARENTS' LOVE!
THEY'RE TOO STUPID TO NOTICE
THE DIFFERENCE.



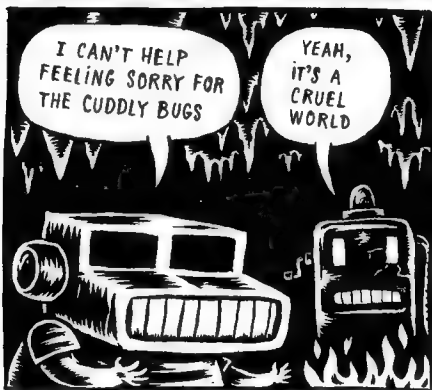
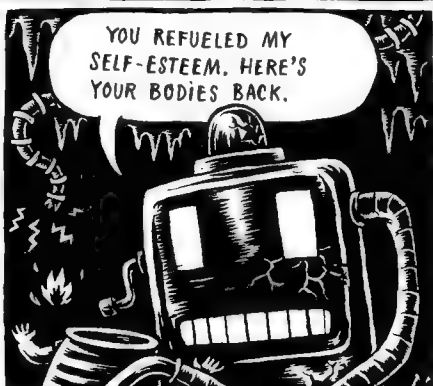
THIS TIME
NOTHING WILL STOP
US. START UP THE
LARVA-MATIC!



I'M SORRY
I DRAGGED YOU
INTO THIS,
TRACTOR-GIRL.



AT LEAST
WE'RE IN IT
TOGETHER,
CAR-BOY







MEAT BOX

PART 2 DRAWN BY: GEORGEARAKIS
WRITTEN BY: KAZ

LOOK, THEY'LL NEVER KNOW
THE DIFFERENCE, JUST
DELIVER THAT BOX
INSTEAD OF THIS ONE.



THIS IS NEVER GOING TO WORK.
YOU KNOW, DRED'S GOING
TO CRUCIFY ME.
THEN HE'S GOING TO COME BACK
HERE AND DISEMBOWEL YOU!

WHY WOULD DRED PUT
A WOMAN IN A BOX TO
BE SENT TO THE
CARNIVAL? GOD, SHE
SURE IS BEAUTIFUL.
WAIT A MINUTE.
MAYBE FLOATILLA
KNOWS ABOUT
THIS

HELLO, FLOATILLA.

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

WHO IS THAT?

I WAS WONDERING IF
YOU KNEW ANYTHING ABOUT
A BOX WITH A WOMAN IN IT
THAT'S BEING SENT
TO YOUR CARNIVAL.

WHAT DO
YOU KNOW
ABOUT IT?

WELL, I GOT
THE BOX
HERE.

WHERE ARE YOU
LIVING NOW?

UH, NOBODY.

WE'D HATE TO
THINK YOU'RE
KEEPING SECRETS
FROM MR. DRED.

HERE
COMES THAT
LITTLE BASTARD,
HAPPY!

CLICK



WELL, IF IT ISN'T NAPPY
NO BRAIN, PUS-
LAPPER! LATE WITH
THE GOODS AS USUAL!

WE'LL TAKE THAT
BOX NOW!

THE TRAFFIC
UP HERE WAS
MURDER!

COME ON FELLERS, WHAT'S SO
SPECIAL ABOUT THIS BOX ANYWAY?

THIS BOX CONTAINS THE
FROZEN REMAINS OF DRED'S
TWIN SISTER, MERM.

YEAH. SHE TRIED TO PUT THE
KIBOSH ON HER OWN BROTHER'S
RACKET. SO, HE PUT
HER ON ICE.

AND NOW SHE'LL BE
KNOWN AS "THE FROZEN
BEAUTY AT THE CARNIVAL "
HAR-HAR!

DIABOLICAL!

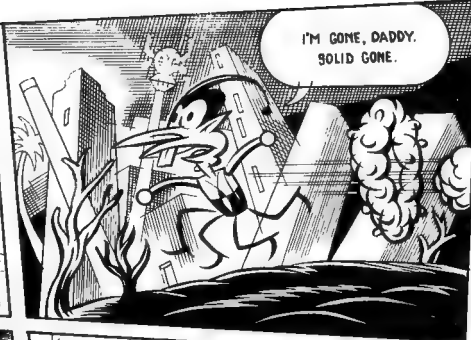
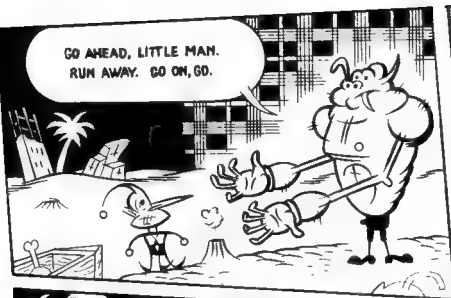
LET'S SEE HOW
SHE'S DOING IN
HERE.

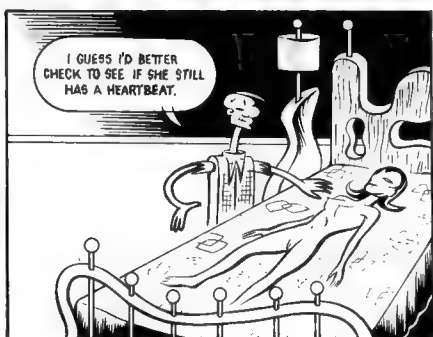
WHAT THE FUCK? ALL
RIGHT, WHERE IS SHE?

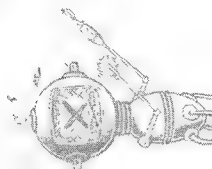
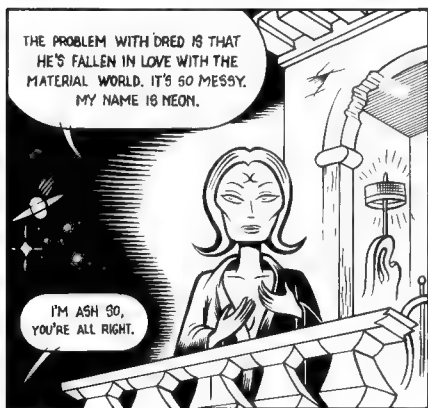
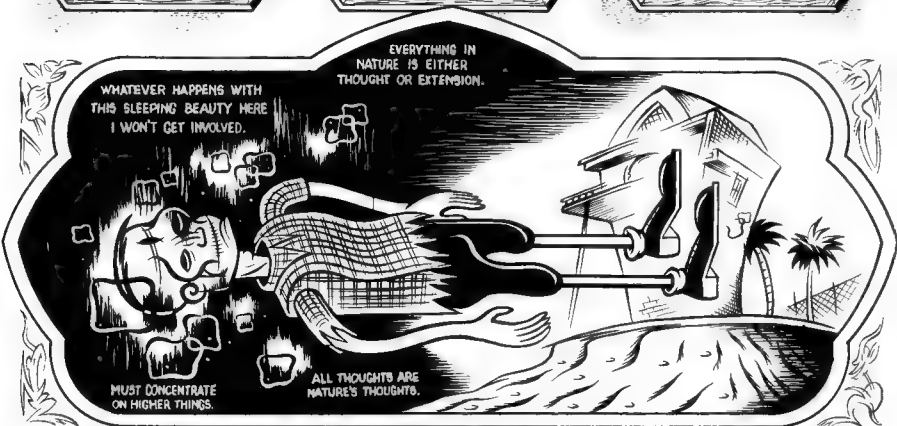
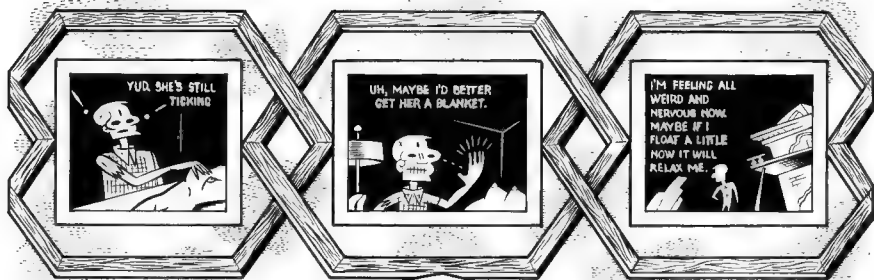
THE FIRST THING WE'RE
GONNA DO IS FONDUE
YOUR BALLS!

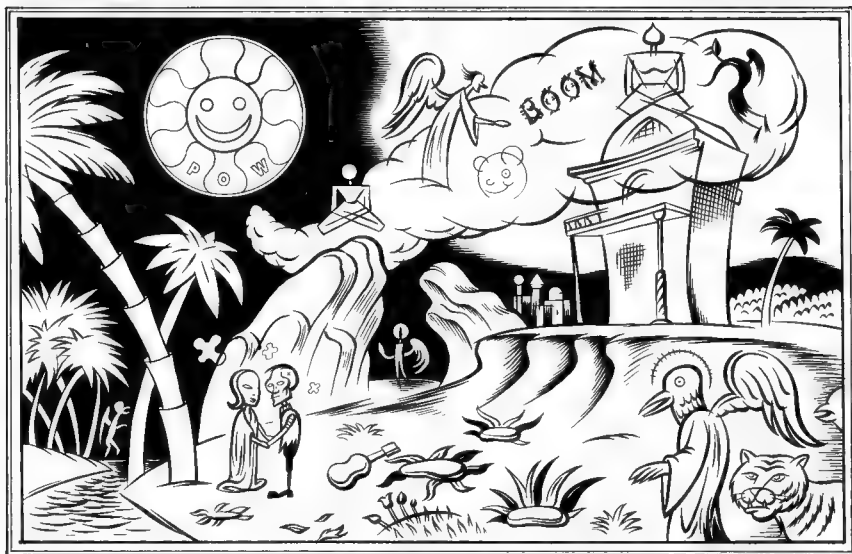
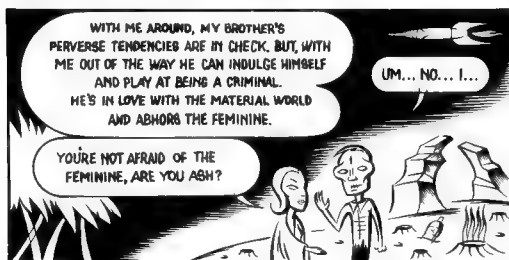
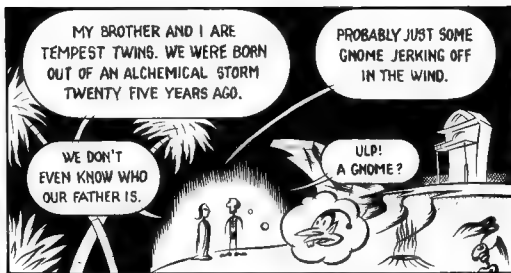
THEN WE'RE
GONNA HARD BOIL
YOUR BRAINS.

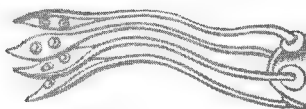
BONK!

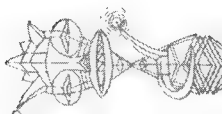
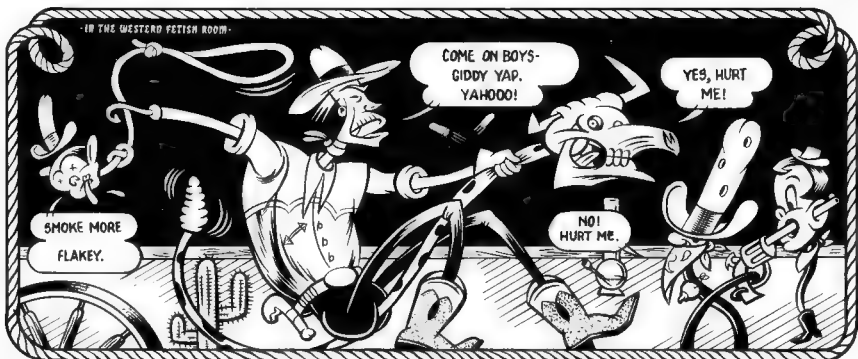
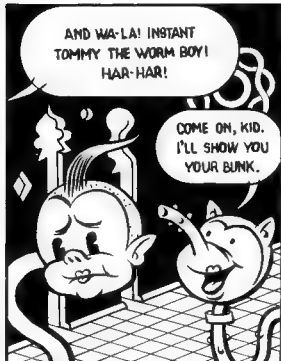












NAPPY, THIS IS NEON,
DRED'S TWIN SISTER I'M
GOING TO HELP HER BY
DEEP FREEZING DRED.

HE FAINTED.

IS THAT A
GNOME?

OUTSIDE

I'M SURE DRED WILL
PAY PLENTY FOR THIS
INFORMATION.

MEANWHILE

UH-UH!

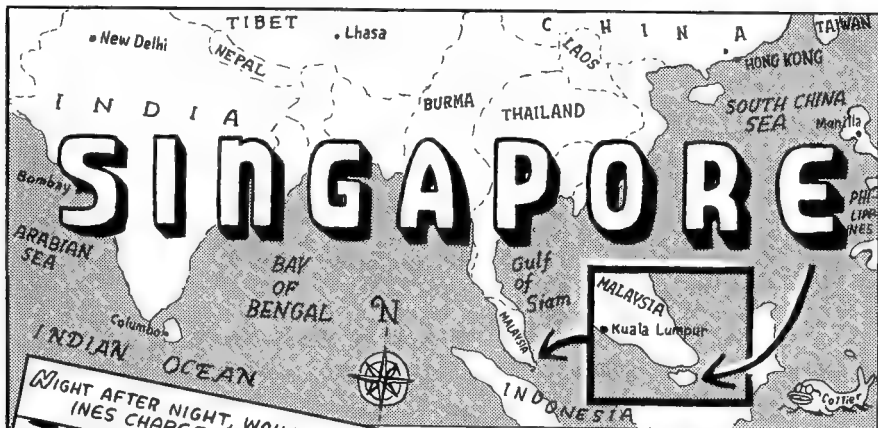
MOMMY.

THE END PART TWO

Quickie CLASSICS



Kim DeJah

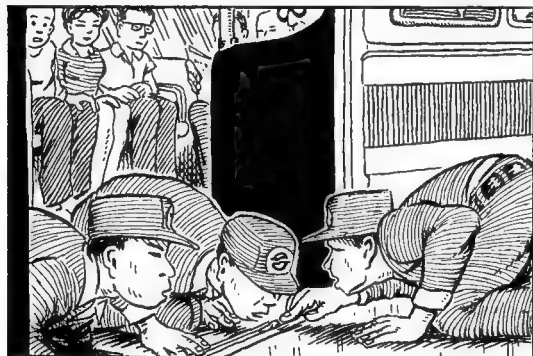


ANOTHER GARBAGE DUMPSTER MELTED DOWN-ONE HAS TO WONDER HOW LONG IT'LL BE BEFORE THE CITY SWITCHES TO THE ALL-STEEL KIND, LIKE THEY GOT IN DETROIT!

GODDAMN SOLVENT-SNIFFING KIDS! IF THIS WAS SINGAPORE, THEY'D NEVER GET AWAY WITH IT, THAT'S FOR GODDAMN SHORE!!



NO, YOU WOULDN'T TRY GETTING AWAY WITH **ANY** KIND OF HUIJNS IN SINGAPORE, A PLACE SO STRICT THAT **CHEWING GUM** WAS BANNED OUTRIGHT WHEN THE AUTHORITIES NOTICED ITS TENDENCY TO GET STUCK IN SUBWAY DOORS!



SINGAPORE-AN ISLAND NOT OVERRUN WITH COPS, BUT RATHER THE KIND OF PLACE WHERE PEOPLE CARRY-IN THE WORDS OF BILL S. BURROUGHS-"THE POLICEMAN INSIDE."



A PLACE WHERE FEAR AND REPRESSION MEET THE MODERN TECHNOLOGICAL AGE!

THIS HIGH-TECH "DISNEYLAND WITH THE DEATH PENALTY" CERTAINLY IS A FAR CRY FROM THE SLEEPY, SWAMPY ISLAND ON WHICH SIR STAMFORD RAFFLES FIRST ESTABLISHED AN EAST INDIA TRADING POST IN 1819!



AS A COLONIAL OUTPOST, SINGAPORE GAINED A REPUTATION AS AN EXOTIC LOCALE WITH A YEAR-ROUND HOT AND HUMID DAYTIME CLIMATE THAT GAVE WAY TO LUSH AND LANGUID NIGHTS...THE KIND OF PLACE WHERE *ANYTHING* COULD HAPPEN UNDER THE CEILING FAN'S PULSING RHYTHMS!



SINGAPORE'S BEEN TAMED DOWN AND CLEANED UP NOW-- SO MUCH SO THAT LITTERING WILL COST YOU A \$700% FINE; FAILING TO FLUSH A PUBLIC TOILET \$100%!



THESE LAWS SOUND KIND OF SILLY TO OUR FOREIGN EARS, BUT ONE HAS TO WONDER TO WHAT EXTENT THEY REFLECT THE PERSONAL IDIOSYNCRASIES OF LEADER LEE KUAN YEW!



— GIVE A GUY ABSOLUTE POWER, AND ODDS ARE HE'LL END UP ACTING LIKE A PRICK!

LEE KUAN YEW WASN'T ALWAYS SUCH A BAD GUY THOUGH...BACK IN THE '50'S IT TOOK A LOT OF GUTS TO FIGHT FOR SINGAPOREAN INDEPENDENCE. THINK ABOUT IT: A SMALL ISLAND ABOUT THE SAME SIZE AS CHICAGO WITH A COUPLE OF MILLION PEOPLE AND NO NATURAL RESOURCES...TO CONTINUE AS A BRITISH COLONY WOULD'VE BEEN THE EASY WAY OUT, A PEACEFUL SLUMBER...MYSELF, WHEN I'M ASLEEP AT NIGHT, I HAVE DREAMS OF THE BRITISH ROYAL FAMILY! I CAN SEE THEM NOW, ON THE STEPS TO AN AIRPLANE.



I SENSED THAT I HAD BREACHED SOME SORT OF PROTOCOL BY BRINGING UP THE MEDIA THING, SO I HAD A TALK WITH CHARLES ABOUT CEREAL!



IT'S BEEN 30 YEARS SINCE SINGAPORE GAINED INDEPENDENCE, AND YET FOR LEE KUAN YEW THE AMOUNT OF FOREIGN INTERVENTION IN THE INTERNAL AFFAIRS OF SINGAPORE IS STILL INTOLERABLE. SO, TO THE WHITLEY DETENTION CENTER, YOU!

WHAT ARE YOUR AMERICAN CONNECTIONS?

PLEASE I-I HAVE NO IDEA!

WHO ARE YOUR AMERICAN FRIENDS?!

-72 HOURS STANDING ON A FREEZING SLAB OF FLOOR IN FRONT OF SKIN-BLISTERING LAMPS, UNDER AN AIR CONDITIONER TURNED ON FULL BLAST, AND YET—ACCORDING TO SINGAPOREAN AUTHORITIES, IT'S NOT TORTURE!

NEGATIVE PORTRAITS OF THE COUNTRY IN THE FOREIGN PRESS ARE PARTICULARLY IRKSOME TO THE AUTHORITIES!

FOR SOME WESTERN PUBLISHING HOUSES, HOWEVER, RESTRICTIONS ON CRITICISM ARE MEANINGLESS!

IN SINGAPORE THEY HAVE A NASTY HABIT OF BANNING PUBLICATIONS EVEN MILDLY CRITICAL OF THEIR GOVERNMENT!

I DON'T THINK I'LL LOSE ANY SLEEP OVER THIS...

...WE'LL GET OUR LAWYERS ON 'EM AND KICK SOME ASS!

In Singapore's defence, so many of their neighbours have had troubled pasts—just look at Cambodia—that getting along in a multi-racial, multi-religious society becomes a notion to cherish.*

We can scoff at Lee Kuan Yew's pronouncements of "Society as #1, The Individual as part of society as #2," but it's revealing of a deeper mindset, a whole other way of thinking!

Look at the panel above me for instance! Remove the dialogue, and you've got a scene that suggests to viewers from an European tradition: Gary going off on his own. The same picture shown to viewers from an Asian tradition however, suggests Kim and Jim excluding Gary.*

*This based on a recent study which involved pictures of schools of fish.

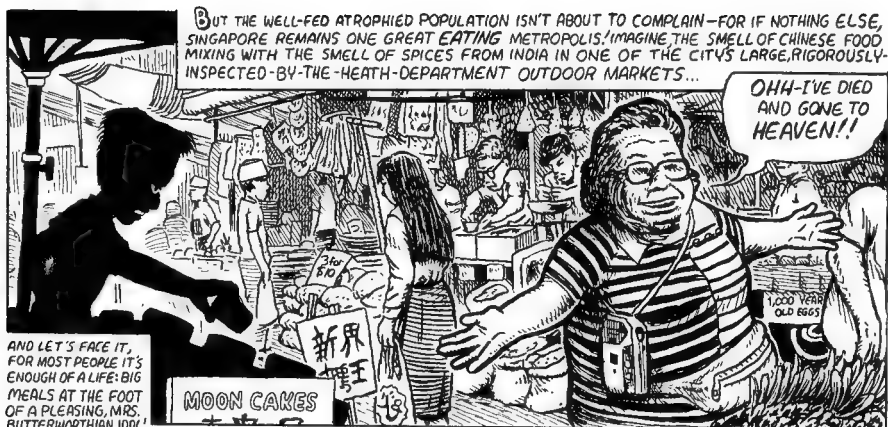
WE SHOULD TALK—THIS EAST-WEST BRAIN SPLIT COULD BE A BUNCH OF PSEUDO-SCIENTIFIC MUMBO-JUMBO—THE DRIFT TOWARDS TOTALITARIANISM IS A PAINFUL THING TO WATCH WITH NO GEOGRAPHIC ADVANTAGE! IT'S THE LITTLE THINGS, THE POPULARITY OF UNIFORMS, THE YOUNG PEOPLE AT THE "WE SERVE" GAS STATIONS HAVING TO WEAR TIES...

HERE AT HOME, IT WON'T BE LONG UNTIL WE DISCOVER THAT THE IDEA OF FREEDOM HAS COLLAPSED LIKE SOME LONG-NEGLECTED BARN FALLEN TO SHIT...

She is of course, "just happy to have a job."

KEEPING IT UP, AT THE TIME, JUST SEEMED SO CORNY!

BUT THE WELL-FED ATROPHIED POPULATION ISN'T ABOUT TO COMPLAIN—FOR IF NOTHING ELSE, SINGAPORE REMAINS ONE GREAT EATING METROPOLIS! IMAGINE THE SMELL OF CHINESE FOOD MIXING WITH THE SMELL OF SPICES FROM INDIA IN ONE OF THE CITY'S LARGE, RIGOROUSLY-INSPECTED-BY-THE-HEALTH-DEPARTMENT OUTDOOR MARKETS...



AND LET'S FACE IT, FOR MOST PEOPLE IT'S ENOUGH OF A LIFE: BIG MEALS AT THE FOOT OF A PLEASING, MRS. BUTTERWORTHAN IDOL!



YEAR AFTER YEAR, THROUGH NIGHT AND DAY, WE'VE TAKEN THAT LONG BUS RIDE BETWEEN THE TUNNEL AND YOUR GRANDMOTHER'S APARTMENT...



THE KIDS ON THE BUS LAUGHING AND GOOFIN' AROUND, NONE OF THEM WERE BORN BEFORE 1975; LONG AFTER DETROIT CEASED TO WORK IN THE MANNER OF A SINGAPORE ... YET-LIFE GOES ON, IT DON'T NEED STRUCTURE. IT DON'T NEED ORDER...



Quickie Classics

THE COUNT OF

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS

MONTE CRISTO

WRONGLY IMPRISONED, EDMUND DANTES HAS MANAGED TO ESCAPE TO AN ISLAND PRISON BY HIDING IN A CANVAS SHROUD THAT HAS BEEN TOSSED IN THE SEA FOR BURIAL.

WITH A MAP GIVEN TO HIM BY A FELLOW PRISONER, HE DISCOVERS A FABULOUS TREASURE ON THE ISLAND OF MONTE CRISTO.

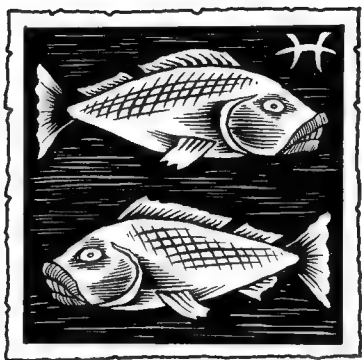
CALLING HIMSELF THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO, HE SETS OUT TO AVENGE HIMSELF UPON THE THREE MEN RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS IMPRISONMENT.

BUT REVENGE IS NEITHER SWEET OR NEAT. INNOCENT LIVES ARE DESTROYED ALONG WITH THE GUILTY.

NOR IS HE RE-UNITED WITH HIS LONG LOST LOVE, WHO HAS BECOME A BROKEN WOMAN; OLD BEFORE HER TIME.

THE SAD IRONIES OF HUMAN EXISTENCE WITH HIS PRETTY YOUNG MISTRESS.

ADAPTED BY Kim Deitch



the Chuckling Whatsit

© 1995 Richard Sala

Previously ~

Broom is the new "Venus," astrology columnist for the Guardian. While writing his first installment, in the apartment of his predecessor, the late Cyril Root, he allows Abigail Aberdevine to search the place for information concerning mysterious outsider artist Emile Jarnac, who Root once re-searched. That same night, Broom learns that several local astrology columnists have been viciously murdered by a maniac who is still at large.



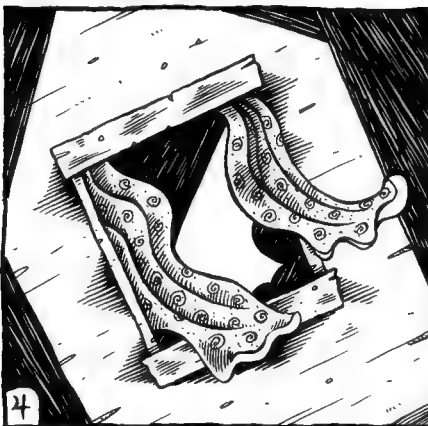




Our little fish took the bait.
It was a cinch to hook him.



And wait 'till you see what I
found...Nope...You'll just
have to be patient. Bye bye.

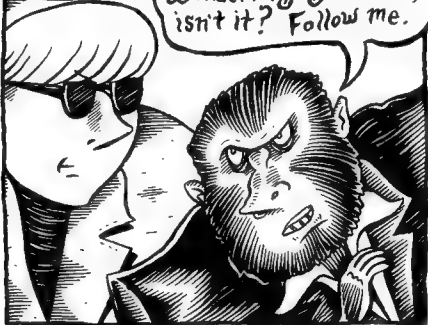




He used a most unusual blade.
Here is an artist's conception, made
from studying the wounds of the victims.



One witness claimed the Ghoul appeared
to wear a curious leather-like mask,
possibly made from human skin! Ha ha!
Wonderfully gruesome,
isn't it? Follow me.



Here in our cozy study are the
core members of our club ~



Mr. Zaraka, Mr. Kilvaine...



...Mr. Muldavo and Mr. Wreath...



...And, of course, our loyal
Secretary, Miss Honeymoon.
Takes down every word I say,
don't you, my dear?



They've come for our monthly meeting ~ at 4 a.m. ~ the hour of the final Ghoul murder, thirty years ago.



Unfortunately, our meetings are private. Members only, I'm afraid. G.A.S.H. is very exclusive. And we're not accepting any new members at this time. However, the public is welcome to use our library ~ during normal business hours.



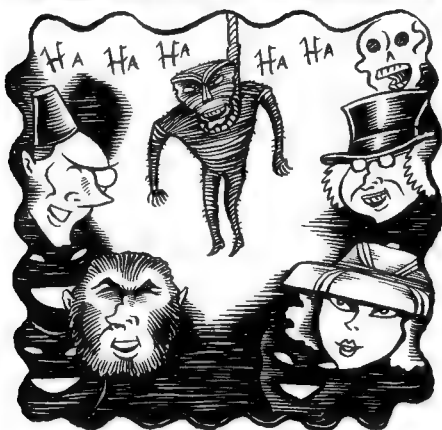
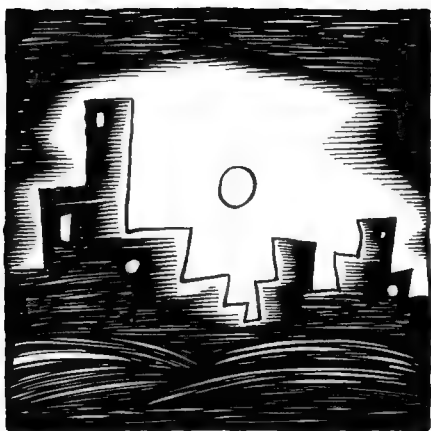
Actually, I wanted to ask a question about those new Ghoul murders ~ the ones involving astrologers ~

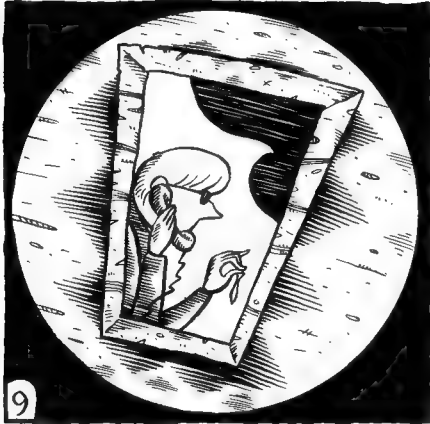
Ah, yes ~ hmm. Well, that's pure poppycock. Some piker masquerading as our beloved original. Sorry. Can't help you there. Good-bye.



I saw him going into Root's place. He knows something.







to be continued

DAVE COOPER'S
SUCKLE



THE ALL-NEW 136-page
GRAPHIC NOVEL BY THE CREATOR OF
PRESSED TONGUE.

WITH DAZZLING, PANORAMIC
WRAP-AROUND COVERS EXTENDING
ONTO LUXURIOUS *BOOK FLAPS*.

Retailers, watch for it in your
OCTOBER catalogue!

fantagraphics BOOKS

Quickie CLASSICS

THE MOON AND SIXPENCE

BY W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM



ADAPTED BY Kim Deitch

HOMVNCVLVS: HIS VISION BY MACK WHITE

I HAVE TOLD HOW I WAS **BORN AGAIN**—
 HOW MY FATHER **DIONYSUS** SAVED ME
 FROM THE **CROSS** BY CAUSING MY PSYCHE
 TO PASS INTO MY **PARASITIC TWIN** WHICH
 THEN SEPARATED FROM THE **HOST**
BODY, AND HOW THUS NEWLY INCAR-
 NATED IN THE **SMALLER** BODY, I WAS
 ABLE TO SLIP THROUGH THE BARS
 OF MY PRISON AND SO AVOID THE
IGNOBLE DEATH OF CRUCIFIX-
 ION. NOW HEAR OF MY **FLIGHT**
 INTO THE WILDERNESS AND
 OF THE WONDROUS **VISION**
 WHICH WAS GIVEN ME IN
 THAT PLACE . . .



WHEN I HAD GONE A GOOD DISTANCE, I STOPPED
 TO REST AND CONSIDER MY SITUATION. IT WAS
 OBVIOUS THAT MY SMALL SIZE (I STOOD **LOWER**
 THAN **KNEE-LEVEL** TO A NORMAL-SIZED MAN
 WOULD BE A DISADVANTAGE HERE IN THE WILDER-
 NESS, MAKING TRAVEL BOTH SLOW AND **DANGEROUS**.
 I THEREFORE DECIDED TO **HEAL** MYSELF . . .

MY **WAIT** PROVED MUCH **LONGER** THAN EXPECTED . . .



BY THE POWER
 OF MY **DIVINE** BIRTH, I
 CONJURE FOR MYSELF A
NORMAL-SIZE BODY—

NO, MAKE THAT
BIGGER, AS BETTER
 BEFITS A **GOD**!

WHILE I WAS PRISONER, THE ROMANS HAD USED
MAGIC TO NEUTRALIZE MY MAGIC. YET I HAD
 ASSUMED—**WRONGLY**, I NOW REALIZED—THAT MY
 FATHER HAD RESTORED MY POWER, I **CRIED** OUT . . .

O MY FATHER, WHY HAVE
 YOU **FORSAKEN** ME?

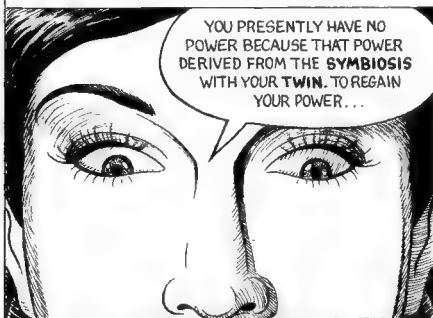
YOUR FATHER
 HAS NOT **FORSAKEN**
 YOU . . .

SO SAYING, I SAT DOWN TO AWAIT THE **RESULT** . . .





IT HAD BEEN YEARS SINCE I HAD SEEN MY MOTHER. SHE WAS A GODDESS NOW, HAVING—LIKE MY GRANDMOTHER SEMELE—BEEN DEIFIED BY ZEUS. THIS WAS THE FIRST TIME I HAD SEEN HER SINCE HER MOVE TO OLYMPUS—AND HOW CHANGED SHE WAS! DEIFICATION GREATLY BECAME HER, I THOUGHT...





YES—THE ONE WHO
BEWITCHED THE GOVERNOR'S
PHALLUS!

YOU MEAN THAT
ISN'T HIM?



NO—THE
ONE I MEAN HAS
A HOMUNCULUS
GROWING FROM HIS
BELLY!



GREAT MARS! YOU'RE RIGHT!
I HADN'T NOTICED!

IF DRUSUS
HAD SEEN THIS,
HE'D HAVE HUNG YOU
UP THERE!

NOW GO GET THE RIGHT
PRISONER! I'LL TAKE THIS
ONE DOWN AND HIDE HIM!



"THEY THINK HIM DEAD, AND SO
HAVE TAKEN HIM DOWN FROM
THE CROSS TOO SOON AND IN
THEIR HASTE FAILED TO NOTICE
THAT HE STILL BREATHES
AND HIS HEART STILL BEATS,
THOUGH FAINTLY. . ."



YET IT WILL NOT BEAT
LONG. THE MIND WHICH NOW
INHABITS THAT BODY IS **BLANK**—
IT HAS **NO** WILL TO LIVE. THUS,
HE WILL LIE THERE, AND **BLEED**
TO DEATH, UNLESS SOMEONE
HELPS HIM. . .

THEN YOU
MUST TAKE ME TO
HIM NOW!



ALAS, I CANNOT HELP
YOU. FOR THERE IS A **LAW**
AMONG THE GODS—THAT ANY
WHO **LOSE** THEIR DIVINITY MUST
BY THEIR OWN EFFORTS
REGAIN IT. . .



YOU MEAN
I'M TO GO BACK THAT
ENTIRE DISTANCE
BY MYSELF?!

YES, AND YOU'D BETTER
HURRY! MEANWHILE, I
MUST RETURN TO OLYM-
PUS—AH! MY STEED
APPROACHES!

SINCE HER ARRIVAL, MY
MOTHER HAD GRADUALLY
SHRUNK DOWN TO MY
SIZE. YET, NOW, AS SHE
PREPARED TO LEAVE,
SHE DID NOT RETURN
TO HER **OLYMPIAN** SIZE,
BUT REMAINED SMALL,
THE BETTER TO RIDE
ON THE BACK OF THE
STRANGE CREATURE
WHICH NOW FLEW
DOWN OUT OF THE
NIGHT SKY. . .



TAKE HEART, MY SON.
HERCULES HAD TWELVE LABORS—
YOU HAVE BUT THIS ONE...



SO SAYING, SHE FLEW AWAY.
I IMMEDIATELY BEGAN MY
"LABOR." IT MAY HAVE BEEN
ONLY ONE, BUT TO ME IT WAS
EQUAL TO HERCULES' TWELVE.
I FACED A DAUNTING TASK—
FINDING MY WAY BACK
THROUGH THE FOREST, AT
NIGHT. LUCKILY, THE MOON
WAS FULL. BUT, EVEN WITH
THAT LIGHT, I COULD NOT
BE CERTAIN I WAS ON THE
RIGHT PATH...



I HAD NOT GONE FAR WHEN I BECAME AWARE OF VOICES UP
AHEAD. QUICKLY, I HID BEHIND A TREE...



THE VOICES GOT CLOSER. I GOT DOWN ON MY
HANDS AND KNEES AND CRAWLED DEEPER INTO
THE SHADOWS...



SUDDENLY, A LARGE OBJECT
FELL ON ME...



I WAS UNHURT, BUT IN
MY FEAR AND CONFUS-
ION, CRIED OUT...

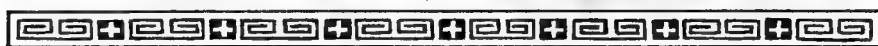
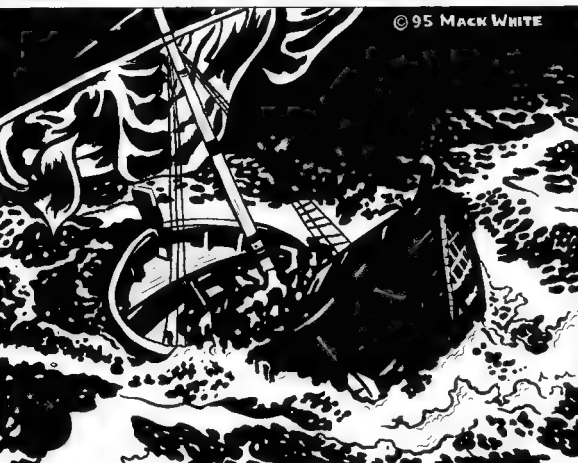
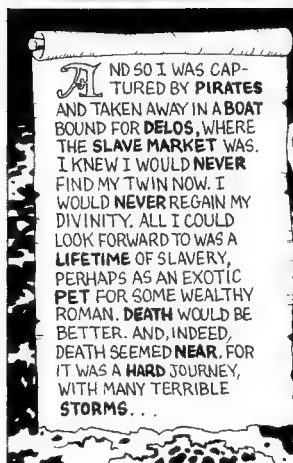
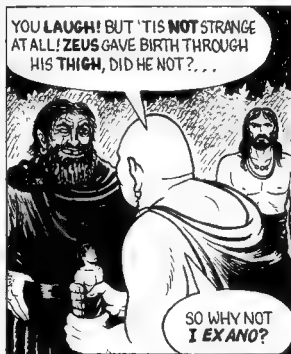
HELP!

HELP!



!GASP! CAN
IT BE?!... I SHAT
A HOMUNCULUS!





ZERO ZERO

MORETHANZERO...

As we lumber on toward the end of its first year of publication, **ZERO ZERO** takes an increasingly heavy toll: art director **Jim Blanchard**, introduced just a few months ago with great fanfare, has left the company (and the production of **ZERO ZERO**) to devote himself to freelance pursuits (including the inking of **Peter Bagge's HATE**). A five-year Fantagraphics veteran, JimB will be missed; his replacement (for the nonce — the way things are going, God knows who'll be art directing **ZERO ZERO** by next spring) is **Peppy White**, who finished up this issue. Thanks, Pepl!

There is very little interesting to say about the interior contributors to this issue of **ZERO ZERO**, most of whom are repeats from previous issues. (Yow! Are we complacent and inbred yet?) We had hoped to give you the lowdown on **Timothy Georarakis**, but after extensive research it turns out that Mr. G., who works as a commercial illustrator in the City of the Angels, has led an extremely boring life where comics are concerned: His only previous major pen-'n'-ink appearance was in **SNAKE EYES** #3 (a one-page illustration). For the record, however, "Timothy Georarakis" is not a pseudonym for **Kaz**.

Fortunately, our covers this month feature three true titans about whom much can be, has, and will be said.

Chris Ware, who provided our inside cover, may be this generation's "man who needs no introduction." Eagle-eyed readers will have noticed that the strip that appears herein is not the same as the one from which last issue's "next-issue" detail was excerpted. There is a thoroughly uninteresting story behind that.

Our back cover spills from the prodigious pen of **Justin Green**, a giant among giants whose work, after a long drought, is suddenly available everywhere. Most exciting is the release of Last Gasp's new **BINKY BROWN SAMPLER**, a 96-page tome that includes the entire, classic "Binky Brown Meets the

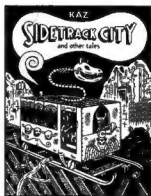


Holy Virgin Mary." This is where confessional autobio-graphical comics began (and, arguably, should have ended). In the months to come, Last Gasp will also release **JUSTIN GREEN: 25 YEARS UNDERGROUND**, a matching volume that collects the strips that didn't make it into the **SAMPLER**. Also, a collection of Green's "Musical Legends" strips (as seen in Tower's **PULSE** magazine) is in the planning stages, and, for real hard-core Green fans, ST Publications will be releasing **JUSTIN GREEN'S SIGN GAME**, an 80-page collection of the "how-to" strips on the art and science of signpainting Green has been creating for the trade magazine **SIGNS OF THE TIMES** since 1987. To order this \$12.95 tome (plus \$3.00 shipping), call 1-800-925-1110 and ask for "order #30," or write them at ST Publications, 407 Gilbert Avenue, Cincinnati, OH 45202. Tell them **ZERO ZERO** sent you.

As for the lovely, talented, and terrifying **Joe Coleman**, whose portrait of Carl Panzram graces this issue's cover (mass murder fans note: rumor has it Hollywood is preparing a Panzram film biography movie starring James Woods), your best one-stop-shopping for Coleman remains **COSMIC RETRIBUTION**, the Feral House/Fantagraphics collection of Coleman's strips and paintings (available from Fantagraphics for \$22.95—call 800-657-1100 to order). We would be severely

remiss if we failed to mention that **GATES OF HECK**, under the direction of the lovely and talented but not terrifying at all **Kathryn Gates**, has released two limited-edition Coleman projects (both in-depth dissections of one of his greatest paintings, "Man of Sorrows"); to receive a copy of GoH's catalogue (an objet d'art in and of itself), send \$4.00 to Gates of Heck, P.O. Box 23073, Richmond, VA 23223.

While you've got your stamps out, you can also write to **Richard Sale**, author of "The Chuckling Whatsit," at 2625 Alcatraz Avenue, #183 Berkeley, CA 94705. If you enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope you'll get his list of original art, prints, books and other artifacts for sale, and you'll be glad you did.



More books by **ZERO ZERO** contributors! We told you last time around about **Kaz's SIDETRACK CITY** (this time we even have a cover reproduction); in November, Fantagraphics will be releasing **VILLA OF MYSTERIES**, a half-new, half-reprint (from **SNAKE EYES**)

collection of work from "Homunculus" creator **Mack White**. Don't miss either one!



Finally, I would like to give a hearty endorsement to three other anthologies whose recent issues have thrilled and amazed even this jaded old anthology-assembler: **BLAB** #8 (an amazing issue in both format and content—it's pricy, but well worth the price), **DRAWN AND**

QUARTERLY VOL. II #3 (always a class act, and the last holdout for those of us who enjoy that furry artsy stuff), and the feisty and **LAST GASP COMICS AND STORIES** #3 (including work by ZZ homeboy **Max Andersson** and a slew of other wackos). They are the shit, so buy 'em now!

ZZ

ZERO ZERO, September-October 1990. **ZERO ZERO** (ISSN: 1090-9823) is published bi-monthly by Fantagraphics Books, and is ©1990 Fantagraphics Books. All art and stories are © 1990 their respective writers and artists. Max Andersson, David Collier, Kim Detzsch, Kaz & Timothy Georarakis, Richard Sale, Chris Ware, and Mack White. Cover © 1990 Justin Green; back cover © 1990 Justin Green. No part of this magazine may be reproduced without written permission from Fantagraphics Books or the creators. No similarity between any of the names, characters, places, and institutions in **ZERO ZERO** and those of any living or dead persons is intended, and any such similarity that may exist is purely coincidental. The use of the word "biographical" and autobiographical material. Letters to **ZERO ZERO** become the property of the magazine and are assumed for publication in whole or in part, and may therefore be used for these purposes. First printing: September, 1990. Fantagraphics Books, 7563 Leary Way N.E., Seattle, Washington 98115. PRINTED IN CANADA.

PAST: (what you missed)



MARCH/APRIL 1995! Premier! Bukowski & Moriarity! Frank Stack's "Jesus" returns! Plus Andersson, Collier, Diana, Head, Holzman, Valium, Williams, the first "Fuzz & Pluck" by Stearn, and a wild Gary Panter cover!



MAY/JUNE 1995! Sala's "Chuckling Whatsit" begins, the premiere of "Homunculus" by Mack White, new "Trashman" story by Spain, plus Andersson, Collier, Head, Mats!?, Mazzucchelli, Stack, and Wayno!



JULY 1995! Soothing Valium cover! Enervating Sandlin back cover! Plus Andersson, Collier, Head, Newgarden, Sala, Stack, Stearn, Williamson, and Doofus creator Rick Altermott's insane "Douché Bag Dougan"!



AUGUST 1995! Spectacular two-color Al Columbia strip! The premiere of Kaz/Georgarakis's "Meat Box" series! Plus Jeff Johnson, Carol Tyler, Dave Collier, Richard Sala, Ted Stearn, and a back cover by Mark Beyer!

PRESENT: (do it now!)

Please send me:

- ☐ ZERO ZERO #1 (Mar./April 1995)
\$3.95 + \$1.00 = \$4.95 ppd.
- ☐ ZERO ZERO #2 (May/June 1995)
\$3.95 + \$1.00 = \$4.95 ppd.
- ☐ ZERO ZERO #3 (July 1995)
\$3.95 + \$1.00 = \$4.95 ppd.
- ☐ ZERO ZERO #4 (August 1995)
\$3.95 + \$1.00 = \$4.95 ppd.
- ☐ SUBSCRIPTION to the next 5 issues \$18.95 (\$20.95 outside U.S.)

Send to:

name _____

address _____

city state zip _____

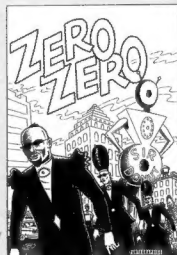
Send to FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS 7563 Lake City Way NE, Seattle, WA 98115. Visa/Mastercard orders call 1-800-657-1100. Allow 6-8 weeks for delivery; subscribers receive issues as they are released.

**zero
zero**

FUTURE: (what's coming up)



NOVEMBER/DECEMBER 1995! Kim Deitch returns with a new sequel to "Shadowland"! A new "Fuzz and Pluck" chapter by Ted Stearn! Plus Rick Altermott, Dave Collier, Richard Sala, Skip Williamson, and Bob Fingerma!



JANUARY/FEBRUARY 1996! Feature-length Bill Griffith cover story! Special gruesome Christmas Max Andersson tale! Plus new chapters of Sala and Deitch's serials, and a "Signs of the Apocalypse" back cover by Dave Collier!



SIGNS OF THE IMPENDING APOCALYPSE!

Sign the FIFTH By Justin Green



\$3.95 \$5.50 CAN

